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An HISTORICAL BALLAD, humbly inscrib'd to the DUUMVIRI.

I.

FULL Forty long Years has *Old England* complain'd
Of Taxes of all Sorts and Sizes:
Much Blood has been spilt, much Wealth has been drain'd,
Yet still the good Counsel despises.

II.

If Crowns she confers, and Kingdoms divides,
With which she has nothing to do;
Yet no one can blame her for oft changing Sides,
To her *own Kings* just so she is true.

III.

To pull down the *French*, to raise up the *Dutch*,
The *Spaniard* and *German* to save;
For herself to do nothing, for others too much,
If not *Wise*, at least, it was *Brave*.

IV.

At length comes a Peace, and *France* is carest'd,
For *France* is a faithful Ally:
Then *Germans* are rais'd, the *Spaniard* oppress'd,
And all this without knowing why.

V.

Our Admiral nobly the *Spaniard* surpriz'd,
Burnt his Ships ere a War did begin;
And just as the Powers more potent advis'd,
Not *SEVOT*'s turn'd out, and turn'd in.

VI.

Then *Germans* and *Spaniards* united she dares,
And enters undaunted the Lists;
Secur'd by the *Hessians*, *Old England* ne'er fears,
And *Great WOLFENBUTLE*'s carest'd!

VII.

Our Trade will be lost, all *England* wear Chains,
Don CARLOS to *Italy*'s sent;
New Taxes, more Troops, employ all our Pains,
This fatal Design to prevent.

VIII.

Cry-a-Mercy! it seems this is a Mistake,
For Int'rest the *Don* we must aid;
Our *Ancient Ally* we now must forsake,
Of the *Emperor* only afraid.

IX.

Such Conduct must lead us, *Jove* only knows whither;
Yet Order may spring from Confusion:
'Tis Peace, it is War, 'tis both, it is neither,
Effects of a *Blest Revolution*!

X.

O ROBIN! O HORACE! ye Brethren so wise!
Who Matters of State so well handle,
At least take away, we humbly advise,
The Taxes on Soap and on Candle.

XI.

To your Honours it is sufficient Pretence
To order Repeal to those Laws,
That our Ladies no more (to save the Expence
Of Washing) be forc'd to wear Gauze.

XII.

Their Majesties then, when'er they desire,
With Safety may ramble at Night:
Nor tumble in Ditches, nor wallow in Mire,
For want of a Halfpenny Light.